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Indited for the Edification of the Elect by DELMAR DEFOREST BRYANT

Being an attempt to find the way in, the trail through
and the path out.

Herein I think my thoughts aloud
And scatter them afar
And, if I aim above the crowd,
And sometimes hit a star,
It beams and streams and seems to say
You jolted me the other day—
But I thank you for the jar.

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Vol. II

SEPTEMBER

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"The road to true philosophy is precisely the same with that which leads to true religion; and from both one and the other, unless we would enter in as little children, we must expect to be totally excluded."—Lord Bacon.

"A friendship that makes the least noise is very often the most useful; for which reason I should prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one."—Addison.

Love Transformed

BY ANNA MAY.

I loved thee my lover in days gone by,
And I saw love's gentle gleam in thine eye;
I loved thee my lover, my own heart's choice,
And love echoed back in thy tender voice.

I loved the body that encased thy soul,
For me it encompassed of love, the whole,
But my joy was marred as thy hair turned gray,
With a dread lest my love be taken away.

I awoke one day in a larger world,
When absolute love was to me unfurled,
It filled all the earth, it filled all the sky,
The same light which gleamed in my Lover's eye.

Vibrations of melody filled the air,
And sweet youth and beauty were everywhere;
I saw all as parts of that wonderful whole,
With nature the body, and God the soul.

Now as I go back to my lover's arms,
My vision beholds such a wealth of charms,
For an infinite lover all youth and grace,
Smiles ever at me through my lover's face.

But the personal love that I gave to thee,
Has vanished, Oh love, and my soul is free,
It was but the dross we would burn from gold,
But I love thee more, yea a thousand fold.

Wonderful Woman

It has been a subject of much controversy why throughout the Bible and history generally woman appears to occupy an inferior and humble position. Not that there have not been heroines and great women, but for the most part man has occupied the center of the historic stage while woman has been put in the background, or behind the scenes altogether.

This might be taken either to indicate woman's inherent inferiority, as popularly supposed, or it might, and more probably is, an index of man's supreme egotism in pushing himself into prominence.

To properly understand the Biblical records in this connection, it will be necessary to interpret the scriptures not literally as is usually done, but figuratively, in order to bring out the occult meaning of things.

The Bible is by no means the book that it is currently supposed to be. It is not a record of ancient peoples nor a history of their doings as it purports to be, but is purely a mythological book, compiled precisely like the epics of Homer or the Bhagavad Gita.

For hundreds of years, and indeed until quite recently, the story of Troy, with its Priam and Hector, its Achilles and Ajax, its Helen and Paris, was regarded by scholars as authentic history. And I dare say many scholars today, especially since the excavations of Dr. Schliemann, will hold this history to be real.

There was a time not long ago when the Indian epic of Arjuna was accredited real history, but as M. Shatterton in his introduction to the Bhagavad Gita shows, all the exploits and conversations of the hero are undoubtedly purely mythical.

Jacob Bryant in his exhaustive mythology, published in 1807, tells that the schoolmen of his day believed in the actual existence in some prehistoric age, of such characters as Jason, Cadmus, Sesostris, etc., and suspected that even Hercules and Perseus might have been real characters.

Though this eminent historian had the theological bias, and endeavors throughout six large volumes to prove the actual existence of every Biblical character, yet his research has led him to admit the identity of nearly all legendary characters. For example, Deucalion, Dagon, Saturn, Cronus, Zeus, Prometheus, Jason, etc., are all one, and that one is Noah. Had this historian been free from ecclesiastical fogs, he might have extended the list to include Jonah, Jol. Jao, Jehovah, Joshua and even Jesus.

What is a myth, or mythological character? Is it a fancy? Is it pure imagination? By no means. It is an actuality in life, an experience embodied or engraven in symbol, personified to bring it to the consciousness and apprehension. The actual deeds of mankind wither, dry up and are blown away as chaff and are buried beneath the sands of centuries. But the battles of the soul are engraven upon pyramids of stone which neither time nor the elements can deface or destroy.

The Bible is like the pyramids, a record of occult, natural phenomena, sometime, somewhere cognized by the soul of man, and written in symbols. More definitely expressed, it is an occult physiology, which, though it appears to deal with men and women, scenes and places, suns and stars, yet all this merely to illustrate certain occult facts and principles in Nature. Thus it is the most wonderful collection of myths extant. In it eternal principles are made to live and breathe, to walk and speak and tell of hidden marvels. Great minds in past ages conceived these truths, wrested them from the Universal Mind, embodied them in these tales and thus they have come down to us. To interpret them literally is puerile. Thus the Church is but a kindergarten, in which grown men and women like little children listen to fairy tales.

One of the fairy tales most often told and accredited by these children is that God is a "Big Man" who actually "came down from the sky" to whisper all these strange words to the prophets and priests of old.

Modern reason has evolved out of such childishness. It has put aside superstition, refused to pause at the

lost of mystery, and has given a new way toward solving the problem of existence and its identity with the universal life.

It is said that nothing would ever have been revealed to man, it must have been revealed through him, and so it still is. With this understanding, we can look upon the Bible as upon any other book. Yet the moment we do so, we become conscious that there is something here that is to be found in no other book. The moment we direct ourselves in expectation, we are struck with awe. To become rational is to become truly reverent.

The interpretation I am about to present is not a new one. It may be found to some extent in the writings of certain medieval philosophers as well as in those of the Greeks. Yet so veiled are these writings that the ordinary reader would pass over them and never suspect the hidden truth as indeed usually happens in the case of the more ancient Biblical writings.

The search for God is a search for wisdom. There is, virtually no "god" beyond man. In other words, God lies alone in the consciousness of man. Hermes, whose words antedate the record of Genesis, says:

"After this manner, therefore, contemplate God to have the whole world to himself as it were all thoughts or intellections.

"If, therefore, thou wilt not equal thyself to God, thou canst not understand God.

"For the like is intelligible by the like."

The "Elohim" of Genesis are simply the living, embodied Man and Woman. All creations, experiences, births, marriages, deaths, wars, travels, settlements—all figured under the history of a "Chosen People"—all these are simply the potentialities, unfoldments—that is, conscious experiences of this man and woman.

The EVE (Jehovah) and the Elohim (Lords) are one, and that one is complete only as expressed in the perfectly united man and woman. Both are potentially equal and important, neither is or can be greater than the other, neither can be without the other. An understanding of the interdependence of the sexes serves to do away with all this perversion of thought

gender sex relations and differences so pronounced
and so real today.

Scripture administration alone can rectify this long-
standing popular superstition and error regarding
God's word "EVE" and Woman's inferiority
to man. No amount of aggressive effort on the part of
men and no illegal aggressions on the part of the
latter can ever effect the desired understanding of the
nature of the sexes.

Throughout the Old Testament scriptures the origi-
nal word for God is IEVE. This word King James'
translators rendered as "Jehovah." Lord, a rendition
which in no way defines the word or gives any con-
ception of its meaning.

This word IEVE stood as a symbol for the Divine
Name which it was not lawful to pronounce so that
no Jews Hebrew whenever he came to it in reading
it in his prayers paused and substituted another
word as Adonai "Lord", or sometimes he simply spell-
ed out giving the Hebrew names to the letters—
Yod-He-Vav-He. From which custom the Septuagint
Greek translations of the Bible rendered the word
"Tetragrammaton," meaning simply "Four Letters,"
and thus it is used in the Cabalah.

This mysterious sacred name, IEVE, could be pro-
nounced only by the priests and by them only once a
year within the sanctuary, or Holy of Holies, amid the
noise of trumpets outside, so that the people could
not hear.

What could have been the origin of this singular
custom and seeming superstition? Why was the name
of deity to be hidden? Was it perhaps a mere trick
on the part of the priesthood to keep the people in
awe, the more easily to carry on their administration
of intermediary between God and man? This might
be thought to be the explanation, but among the
Egyptians and Assyrians and Babylonians, with whom
the Jews were closely allied, we find every form of
worship made very public. Their gods were displayed
everywhere and on all occasions, and names to express
them were multiplied.

It is evident that the god, or Jehovah, of the He-

brews was an entirely different conception from all others, and that the conception involved some great mystery or remarkable secret, known possibly by some orders of the ancient priesthood, and for reasons withheld from the populace.

An analysis of the word itself may reveal something of its significance. The letters of every Hebrew word are in reality so many symbols, each bearing some relation to, and in a manner serving to define the whole word. Only by knowing the occult meaning of these symbols is it possible to understand the inner signification of the word itself.

I. *Yod*, means literally, "the hand" but figuratively the personal extension of the Self—the active and actuating principle of man. The hand is very significant as expressing this extension of potentiality, because it is the hand more than any other physical organ that differentiates man from the lower animals. *Yod* may thus be regarded as synonymous with the Ego, it being the highest concept of the conscious life of man. It represents the very nucleus of life, the primal and supreme point of emanation, and hence it is God, the origin and actuating principle of man.

But, being in man himself, conceived by him, man recognizes this point as the central, or solar, point of his existence. It is expressed as "the point within the circle." He, bounded by the horizon of his present limited consciousness, is that circle and *Yod*, or God, is the center. But he is required to further define his relation to the infinite.

E, or "He," means "a window." What is the window through which man looks into the world? It is life, consciousness, perception—a seeing—as through a glass. The actual agent through which this phenomena is effected is the earth and its atmosphere, in a word, Nature. Nature is the window through which the God-man views the external part of himself. Nature produces him, nature contains and supports him, But the nature that produced him and stands consciously nearest to him, becomes the second foci of life's great ellipse in which he stands. He is one center, but beside him is another bound up and in some strange

unknown manner inseparably connected with his
and that other is Woman.

is the supernal father, she the supernal mother.
logically impossible that he should have existed
her. It is equally impossible that she could
antedated him. His awakening to the recogni-
of her proximity may seem akin to a new
ion, in fact, creation is but awakening to the con-
ness of already existing facts. Man and Woman
the eternal, crowning verities of life, and each
s gradually into the consciousness of the other.
then, is Yod-He, and beside it *there is no other*

The two are conjoined as the atmosphere and
earth, by which they are expressed on the plane of
ure.

"Vav," means "a hook"—a thing to seize and
w things up. This is the symbol of the aggressive,
native, evolutionary activity that proceeds inces-
sly from the co-operating energies of Yod-He. It
resses the result, or as we may say, it is the off-
ing of their combined action. On the outermost
me it is the visible Son, the image of the father,
d, projected and visualized by He—in a word, the
ible Man. Furthermore, it expresses the modus of
e divine-human activity that results in apparent
eation, namely, Vibration, otherwise manifested as
at.

Anciently Fire was worshipped as god. Prometheus
reputed to have stolen it from heaven. The sun be-
g the primal source of heat was therefore revered
the Father, standing in nature as the Supreme Yod,
ile the moon, receiving and reflecting his rays be-
me the Supreme He. This was the first step towards
otheosis, it is but another to the imaginary God of
esent day concept.

This mysterious Fire, that is in truth the active
use of all production in the visible world and which
ay be called the fuel of life itself, is symbolized by
av.

And now we come to the final He of the Divine
etragrammaton, what is that? The Cabalists refer-
ed to this as "the Inferior Mother," in contra-distinc-

tion to the former He, which they called "the Supernal Mother."

It has two meanings. On the outer plane it stands for visualized Woman, the consort of man, but on the inner it becomes the Bride of nature, the consort of solar fire in the earth. Visibly on one plane it becomes Water, the universal solvent and matrix in and through which Fire operates to produce the entire phenomenal world.

Water is represented in the scriptures as the primal element of creation: "And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the Waters." This is indeed typical of an eternal fact. The Divine Spirit is ever moving upon the face of the deep, dark waters of eternal life, which, though a seeming void, becomes impregnated with light and filled with living forms.

(To be continued.)

Temptation the Test of Temperance

By Theodosia.

A young man of perhaps thirty confessed to me a short while ago, the fact that he did not know the taste of any alcoholic beverage. By the manner in which he told me this, I knew he felt he was *most temperate*, and could justly feel proud of himself.

I asked him how it was he could make so unusual a statement. He replied, "Oh! I have an uncle who is a most dreadful drunkard, so my mother made me promise when a child never to taste the stuff, and I never have."

"Beautiful Mother! Exemplary young man!" most people would think, and say.

But let us think! He refrains from fear. He feels he is weak, yet at the same time he *revels* in *pride* because he feels he is temperate.

Is he really temperate? How is he to know? What we fear *eventually* dominates us if not in the present life, in some life to come. Will he not *sometime* have to be proven? Would she not have been a wiser mother if she had not bound her son by such a dominant

thought, but instead could have trusted him to go forth into life, and be himself, instilling into his mind through his early years the thought, even knowledge, if she could see that far, that all things are *good* if wisely used, and that he was *master* of himself, and his appetites if he *chose* to be master.

Emerson says, "O! that some stoic would arise to tell men they are *not leaning willows!*" O! to be that stoic, to shout it from the house tops, from the hill-tops. If the mothers of the land should today face about, (repent) and teach their sons and daughters that they are masters of the situation whatever it may be, that they can *trust* themselves to life and its blessed experiences, how soon would the burning questions of morality, and temperance settle themselves.

Strange how we measure temperance and morality, by the standard of those who *assume* only these qualities, who have *not* been tested, who *will not be*, but who cringe and fear life, and its varied experiences.

Is the truly temperate, moral man afraid to live as his desires lead him on to fuller expression?

Is the truly virtuous, moral woman afraid of her intuitions, and promptings?

Temperate! The very word *implies* freedom from fear.

Who is temperate?

Who is moral?

How far one person can, by interference, by training, or by dominance of any sort, affect another person's karma, and in an indirect way their own, is a question, which in my association with people often recurs to me for my consideration, and at least partial settlement.

We prevent a soul by interference from expressing itself, and then call that person *moral*.

Souls are persuaded, or *compelled* by those who most often *assume* their authority, to bind themselves by vow to the law, or the church, to go in a *certain course prescribed* by men of past ages, and then these persons are called "temperate," and "virtuous."

We know that this earth life is a "school for experience" and yet looking about us, we find almost

the whole trend of teacher and preacher is to *hinder* expression, that from which comes experience.

"Don't! You are weak!" Has been the cry through the past ages. But finally the advancing soul grows indeed weak or rather *strong* in *weakness*, as Paul tells us he was, and incarnates where it can have the blessed experience which teaches.

Sayings of Sages

"All philosophers exclaim, as it were, with one voice albeit in many languages, that this art is not only true, but the best and most magnificent gift bestowed upon man by God."

"If any one complain of the difficulty of our Art, let him know that in itself it is perfectly simple, and can present no obstacle to those who love God, and are held worthy by Him of this knowledge.

"To some foolish and shallow persons I have several times expounded this art in the simplest manner and even word for word, but they despised it only, and would not believe me that there is exhibited in our work a two-fold resurrection of the dead."

"No one need doubt the truth or certainty of this Art. It is as true and certain, and as surely ordained by God in Nature, as it is that the sun shines at noon-tide, and the moon shows her soft splendor at night."

"Such men there have been in all countries. Amongst the Egyptians, Hermes Trismegistus holds the highest place; then come Chaldeans, Greeks, Arabs, Italians, Gauls, Englishmen, Dutchmen, Spaniards, Germans, Poles, Hungarians, Hebrews, and many others."

"Though the sages wrote at different times, and in different languages, yet their works exhibit so marvelous an agreement, that any true philosopher may easily see that all their hearts had been gladdened by God in the discovery of this stone, and that they all had performed this work with their own hands."

"As concerns the Matter, it is *one*, and contains within itself all that is needed. Its birth is in the

said. It is the distilled moisture of the Moon joined to the light of the Sun, and congealed."

"The essence of this art is in like manner a certain one thing which is stronger and more exalted than all other things, and is called the most powerful acid, because it changes gold to a clear spirit, without which there is neither whiteness, nor blackness, nor redness. When the spirit is joined to the body it becomes one with it. * * * If you place the body without the acid over the fire, it will be burnt and destroyed."

"Nature has made it ready to the hand of the adept, having willed this one thing, and no other thing in the world, to be the material of the Stone."

Love's Initiative

By Beth.

Apropos of "Cupid in Skirts," for whom a different *gender* has been suggested, is this little story as told by Swami Vivekananda:

"It was an old custom in India for princesses to choose their husbands. Each one had certain ideas of the sort of man she would choose for a husband; some would have the handsomest man; others would have the richest; others the most learned and so on. The princess, in the most splendid array, was carried on a throne, and the announcement was made by criers that princess so-and-so was about to choose a husband. Then all the princes of the neighborhood put on their bravest attire and presented themselves before her. Sometimes they, too, had criers to enumerate their advantages and the reasons why they hoped the princess would choose them. The princess was carried around and looked at them and heard what they had to offer, and if she was not pleased, she said to her bearers, "Move on," and no more notice was taken of the rejected suitors. If however, the princess was pleased with any one of them she threw a garland upon him and he became her husband.

The princess of the country to which a certain king

and Sannyasin had come, was having one of these ceremonies. She was the most beautiful princess in the world, and the husband of the princess would be ruler of the kingdom after her father's death. The plan of this princess was to marry the handsomest man, but she could not find the right one to please her.

Several times these meetings had taken place, but the princess had not selected any one. Just as this one was about to break up, there came a young man—a Sannyasin, handsome as if the sun had come down to the earth, and he stood in one corner of the assembly watching what was going on. The throne, with the princess came near him, and as soon as she saw the beautiful Sannyasin she stopped and threw the garland over him.

The young Sannyasin seized the garland and threw it off, exclaiming: "What nonsense do you mean by that? I am a Sannyasin."

The king of the country thought that perhaps the man was poor, so did not dare to marry the princess, so he said to him:

"With my daughter goes *half my kingdom now, and the whole kingdom after my death!*" and he put the garland again on the Sannyasin.

The young man threw it off once more, saying:

"What nonsense is this? I do not want to marry," and walked quickly away.

Now the princess had fallen so much in love with the young man that she said:

"I must marry this man or I shall die," and she went after him to bring him back, but the young Sannyasin knew all the intricacies of a nearby wood, and plunged into one of these and disappeared, and the princess could not discover him."

And woman is in the woods yet—for even if she finds whom she is seeking, he will try to escape the rose-garland. There is another way—*Mutual Recognition*. Then each one, fully prepared and trained in his own consciousness would go on with joy and certainty to the Crowning Event. Then, when Love reigns instead of Convention, Custom, Precedent, woman will be by courtesy granted the Initiative--

Recognition will be absolutely mutual and
the Law shall be Woman's Will and Woman's
Men's Law.

The Mantle of Marriage

I recently saw a moving picture which impressed me
very, illustrating as it did a phase of modern social
life far better than words could do. The scene was
a few centuries back in one of the old French
plays, and portrayed a love intrigue and its dire con-
sequences.

The king's favorite, or wife, is shown amid a
group of courtiers receiving the king most affection-
ately with kisses and embraces on his entrance to the
court, but aside when she believes herself unobserved,
she is casting fond eyes upon the court musician who,
evidently, is madly in love with her.

The king has constructed a small and beautiful re-
treat, a sort of private boudoir for himself and mis-
tress, which he shows to her, eliciting gestures of ad-
miration and pleasure.

Shortly thereafter the king is made aware of the
affection existing between the troubadour and his wife
and he sets a trap to catch them. He and his court-
iers receive a call to arms, and go away sud-
denly leaving the wife alone with her maids and the
minstrel. The maids are one by one dismissed where-
upon the lady falls into the arms of her lover and to-
gether they repair to the king's boudoir.

A very beautiful love scene is enacted in the midst
of which the king accompanied by an aide comes
stealthily back and witnesses the whole scene through
an intervening portiere. Furious, the king restrains
his impulse to rush in and slay the pair, but conceives
a more diabolical punishment. His aide is dispatched
and soon returns with a gang of masons carrying mor-
tar and great stone blocks. Silently and swiftly by
the king's order these are placed in the aperture lead-
ing to the room, thus effectually closing up the only
entrance thereto, and sealing the inmates within a
living tomb.

The final scene is horrible and heart-rending, showing the king standing without, with a devilish leer of satisfaction, gloating over the success of his revenge, tapping, tapping with his sword on the wall to arouse the hitherto unsuspecting lovers, who terror stricken upon the discovery of their plight, soon fall in the swoon of death, having breathed out the little remaining air within the room designed for love and happiness but which the fiendish jealousy of man had transformed into a death-cell.

"Well, thank goodness," I heard a lady say who sat in front of me, "we are past those terrible days." It was not the place to take up the argument, but going home I thought it over, and the scene haunted me into the night. "Thank goodness, we are past those terrible days," but *are* we past them?

Certainly we are not. Human nature is the same today that it was a thousand years ago, undoubtedly. Men and women have the same capacity for love, the same disposition to jealousy as then. They are primitive instincts not readily outgrown.

From time immemorial woman has existed as a parasite upon man. She has caressed and cajoled, flattered and fooled him in order to gain his admiration and support. Man has willingly succumbed to woman's seductive influence and she as willingly has become his toy and slave. The benefits have been fairly mutual.

Thus there has been formulated certain codes regulating the conduct of the sexes. Men and women have been assigned different places, woman always taking the inferior position. Marriage instead of freeing woman has bound her more rigorously, and made her still more dependent. Her bondage has resulted in the development and growth of a vast amount of deceit and hypocrisy and marriage is the mantle which conceals it—a mantle which the laws of convention forbid to raise or even recognize.

A great number of married women regard marriage simply as a cloak to shield their actions from public comment and criticism. Being married they can "do things" with impunity which if single they would

never dare to do. A young girl must keep herself very straight—she must not travel without a chaperon—she has to be very careful at all times and is in constant fear of sullyng her reputation.

Not so the married woman. She is not only privileged to travel alone, but can choose the company of either married or unmarried men, and can have any number of “affairs” on the side which society will wink at provided she is discreet enough to outwit a jealous husband, or prevent him from “making a scene.”

If this mantle were lifted suddenly in any well-regulated community and all these “affairs” made public, there would be a mess of scandal sufficient to disrupt the entire social censorship of the place, which, by the way, reminds one of nothing so much as the proverbial ostrich with its head in the sand.

Women have often boasted to me that they could “fool their husbands” easily enough and that they do it right along by their blandishments. “Poor old Tom,” said one woman to me, “he is so dead easy, he never suspects me. He thinks I am a paragon of virtue,” and she laughed as if it were a great joke. I said to her, “How in the world can you do it?—How can you *pretend* to love your husband and go on with this sham when your mind and heart and soul are reaching out for someone to really satisfy your craving for love?” “Why,” she replied, “I *do* love him, he is just the best fellow in the world—he gives me everything I want, he is generous to a fault—I could not live without him, only” she added, “*he does not satisfy my love nature, and I claim my right to seek my affinities elsewhere!*”

Here was indeed a specimen of a certain, not uncommon, type of woman—creatures of contradiction, ever swayed by impulse, never amenable to reason, supremely selfish and inherently vicious while believing themselves paragons of generosity and virtue.

“What,” I asked, “would your husband say if he *knew*?”—“Oh,” she replied lightly, “he don’t care, he lets me go scot free,”—“But suppose,” I said “he should turn the tables on you and reach out for a

few affinities himself"—“He wouldn't do such a thing,” she responded hotly, “he is too honorable a man!”

Now, what do you think of that for a standard of marital morality? I discovered later on that the confiding husband did actually trust this woman and believed in her fidelity, which was the reason that he let her go “scot free.” Once, too, I had occasion to see his jealousy flame up, which proved to me that human nature is human nature the world over, and no circumstance or condition can very well change it.

Yet women of the type I have described are the very first and quickest to condemn their sisters of the Great White Way. Consistency thy name is not woman!

On the other hand, I have known plenty of married men who were as free and promiscuous in their intercourse with women as if they were unmarried, and almost without exception they are insanely jealous of their wives and would shoot a discovered paramour on sight. I have never known any man willing to give his wife anything like the freedom which he demanded for himself, when it came to an actual show down.

It is apparent to me that modern marriage as it is lived is pretty much of a humbug. Men and women as a rule enter the lists of matrimony and assume its obligations simply as a convenience and a cloak. It is a sort of license to do socially as they please and remain respectable. Monogamic marriage does not satisfy them, and they soon manifest their inherent polygamous instinct.

Thus having plainly stated the fact as it exists, let us endeavor to find the kernel of truth in it. for surely there is one. Nature certainly does not go on continually making an egregious blunder. Nature can always be trusted in the end to unfold the truth—what is the truth?

Alchemy teaches us that there are but two things in the whole world of matter that are absolutely reciprocal and which will unite to produce a third thing—a veritable creation, a divine emanation. From this analogy, it is apparent there must be in the soul

world such a thing as perfect affinitization, and that is the only condition which can rightfully be called "marriage."

It is true enough that the searcher for the hidden wisdom must make almost infinite trials before he will discover these naturally reciprocal bodies, and so we suppose it will be necessary to make many, many trials in order to come into the truth of bi-unity. But these trials are not worthy to be called "marriage," but simply are to be regarded as efforts to come at last into the true marriage state, into which each soul inevitably must come. That will be the state in which there will be "no marrying or giving in marriage," for the twain shall be as one flesh.

The many marital lapses and liasons, the deceptions and divorces that are continually transpiring in the present life show not so much error as undevelopment. More and more it becomes apparent that the first and final test of compatibility is physical. The perfect physical response will include also the right mental and spiritual harmony of the sexes. Without such response, there can be no satisfaction. Dissatisfaction will awaken doubt and lead to investigation and ultimate truth.

The curse, if it may be called a curse, of the present system, is apathy coupled with superstition—an apathy which is content to go on and suffer rather than bestir itself and work toward satisfaction—a superstition which bows to precedent and opinion, as well as to the "wrath of God" or the "toasting fork" of the Devil.

In a word, the curse is largely self-imposed. Nevertheless, custom is a tyrant, and compels the perpetuation of humbuggery long after the headlights of the world have shown a better way. Custom complicates the social problem by making marriage wholly a lottery, a guess and a surmise. It denies the privilege of probation without severe penalty, it denies the right to correct marital mistakes without a tortuous, nerve-racking process, therefore I say, it perpetuates error, incites hypocrisy, stimulates deceit and makes of modern marriage a farce.

As the sexes become more individually independent—when woman is capable of earning her own livelihood, she will cease prostituting herself to a man whom she despises. Love then will begin to ring true, and we shall see less and less of sexual depravity.

And when the tortured spirits of the maternity martyrs have ascended on high and woman arises above the superstition that she is created and ordained as a breeding animal only, and awakens to a knowledge of her true redemptive forces—when the dictum of the mighty African hunter has become stilled together with the other “voices of the jungle” who under guise of “respectability” have for ages held woman in subservience, a panacea to passion and a convenient drudge—when the god-man, Aquarius, rises in his aerial flight above the mists and miasmas of the plain to pour out the vials of truth upon the seething Sodom and gory Gomorrah, there will indeed be “wailing and gnashing of teeth,” but from out the chaos and crash caused by the lightnings of Uranus, there shall arise One who like Lot of old, will flee to welcoming mountains and begin the creation of a new and nobler race, on new and nobler lines.

Report of Dr. Geo. W. Carey on Fertilizers for Crimson Winter Rhubarb

To the Officers and Directors of the Phalanx Co.
Gentlemen:

I was appointed by you at a meeting of Directors in 1908 to experiment with certain fertilizers, crude and prepared for promoting the growth of Winter Crimson Rhubarb.

I made thorough tests with sulphate of iron, sulphate of ammonia and nitrate of sodium in the crude state.

Sulphate of iron is not entirely soluble in water, but must remain in moist soil for several months before its full benefit is shown. There is no doubt but that sulphate of iron gives deeper crimson to the rhubarb stalks, but I do not think the size of plant is increased to any

to a considerable extent. Sulphate of ammonia and nitrate of sodium increase the size of plants perceptibly, but not to an extent that will justify their use except it be in case of choice nursery stock.

Those who desire to produce vigorous young plants can get results with any or all of the three named chemical fertilizers. But as the best results are obtained after the chemicals have been in contact with the soil for two to three months the ground should be prepared at least two months before seed is planted or young plants set out.

My experiments were not extensive enough to make close estimate of cost per acre to fertilize with the chemicals mentioned, but think \$25.00 per acre a fair calculation.

Commercial fertilizers, such as the Lawn Fertilizer manufactured by the Agricultural Chemical Works at Los Angeles, California, are far ahead both in practical results and cheapness, of the crude chemicals. From \$15.00 to \$20.00 per acre 1,500 to 2,000 pounds of this fertilizer will greatly increase the output. The fertilizer should be poured in the ditches close to rows of plants immediately after the last fall irrigation, probably about the latter part of October, and then filled in or covered with cultivator or harrow.

Dried blood causes a very quick growth but does not last so long as the combination contained in Lawn Fertilizer the guaranteed analysis of which is as follows:

Nitrogen	-----	21½ per cent.
Available Phosphoric Acid	-----	5 per cent.
Potash	-----	21½ per cent.
Phosphoric Acid from Tankage		
Superphosphate Nitrogen from		
Nitrate of Soda and Blood and		
Bone	-----	21½ per cent.
Potash from Muriate	-----	21½ per cent.

This makes an excellent combination to produce a quick growth.

Potash from Muriate means a combination of chlorine and potassium. This inorganic salt is the builder of fibrin and when it is deficient in soil the vegetable

tissue will lack fiber, therefore it will fall below standard size and quality.

When chloride of potassium is deficient in the human organism muscular tissue fiber is weakened. We find the same phenomena in plant life.

DR. GEO. W. CAREY,

Professor of Biochemistry, Pomona, California.

July 26th, 1909.

By Way of Apology

The lateness of the Journal for the past two months is due to the fact that the editor has had his mind and hands full of occupations and affairs so that it has been next to impossible to make copy. Much delay has also been occasioned by having to send in MSS. from a distance and correcting proofs by mail. In one instance the entire copy was lost in the mail and had to be rewritten from notes.

Important developments at Exeter, preparatory to putting out an orange grove—the installation of a pumping plant and the leveling of land—demanded about six weeks superintendence, extending up to the latter part of August. The work there is still proceeding.

Exeter is situated in the heart of the famous early orange-belt of the San Joaquin Valley, midway between Los Angeles and San Francisco. The climate of this section is much warmer in summer and somewhat cooler in winter than the coast-lands for which reason the fruit ripens from a month to six weeks earlier there than nearer the coast. The heat and absence from fogs protects against scale, that pernicious enemy of the orange tree which the growers all along the coast have to fight continually. The clean fruit of this northern section ripening early as it does finds a ready market in the east at highest prices, so that this section is considered to be one of the most desirable in the state for orange growing.

Only a few years ago this whole foothill section whereon now stands thousands of acres of orange trees was a sheep pasture and the land could have been bought for

It is now worth several hundred dollars, when covered with bearing orange trees, thousands of dollars an acre. One orchard in this vicinity is sold as high as \$4000 per acre, but the average of groves is from \$1000 to \$1500. The yield in fruit is from \$200 to \$500 per acre net, though exceptional returns from some groves show a production of \$1000 or more per acre.

The value of an orange orchard lies in its permanence, with reasonably good care and culture it will go on producing for fifty or even a hundred years. The market for oranges is as stable as wheat and gets better from year to year, due not only to the increasing demand for the fruit, but to the very limited area in which oranges can be successfully grown.

Exeter is surely a favored center for oranges as well as many other fruits. Grapes, figs, olives, peaches and plums thrive equally well there and hundreds of acres are given to the culture of these fruits in this vicinity.

The valley of the San Joaquin, particularly the locality about Exeter, is admirably situated in many ways. Being at the foot of the highest mountain ranges of the Sierras, Mt. Whitney being the loftiest peak distant some hundred miles, it is environed by mountain streams—not "upside-down" rivers such as one sees in Southern California, but real, flowing rivers, as in the east. Moreover, the sand strata underlying the surface of the land at a depth of a few feet are filled with water—writable subterranean reservoirs—which gush to the surface when tapped.

Water is very abundant at a depth of from 12 to 40 feet. Electric power created by the fall of mountain streams, is brought down into the valley and is made available everywhere for pumping water or for any other desired purpose. This gives the rancher and fruit grower cheap and abundant water for irrigation—the great desideratum in California.

Transportation facilities are very excellent at Exeter, both by steam and electric railways, which extend in all directions, reaching out to Fresno and Sacramento on the north, Visalia and Frisco on the west, Bakersfield and Los Angeles on the south. More electric lines

are being built, and it is only a matter of time when a road will be built through the coast range to the sea, distant less than 200 miles. When this is done, and the residents of the valley can take a couple of months' outing by the ocean side, this section will be about the most ideal place in the whole state to live. The winters are said to be delightful.

After completing our work at Exeter, we took a flying trip to Sacramento and through the valley, making an observation of the fruit industry there. This valley was described in a previous issue of THE PHALANX. A great deal more could be written about it without at all exhausting the subject. It is one of the garden spots of the state. Millions have already been spent to reclaim the lands along this river, and millions more will be spent. The people are now working to get the co-operation of the government to aid them in deepening and widening the channel of the river at certain points, so as to minimize the danger of future overflows and insure the safety of the island dwellers.

No richer land exists anywhere in the world than along the Sacramento. The quantity of fruit and vegetables raised there is something wonderful. Thousands upon thousands of earloads of deciduous fruits—cherries, apricots, plums, peaches and grapes—are annually shipped east from this section. Over thirty thousand acres are devoted to asparagus alone, most of which is canned on the islands.

From Sacramento we went to Imperial Valley, another remarkable section which was written up recently in THE PHALANX. This was our fourth trip to the valley, and was the pleasantest and most profitable of all. The weather there at this season is delightful. The intense heat of the summer is broken so that the days are not uncomfortable, while the nights are simply grand—such air we never breathed anywhere. It is as soft and balmy as Florida, without the enervation felt in a humid clime. With the thermometer at 107 at noon as it was during our last trip, it is as comfortable as at 80 on the coast, so very dry is the air.

The writer is convinced that this valley will in time become the mecca for all those afflicted with tuberculosis,

gout, asthma, heart disease, kidney trouble, ear-ache, and many other chronic ailments. It is believed that sanatoriums will be erected there in the near future, in order to take advantage of the splendid climate. The Imperial Board of Trade sent the following telegram to J. P. Harriman, the railroad magnate, shortly before his demise: "Come to Imperial and get well." But the invitation came too late to be heeded, and the great man soon passed away.

We concluded the purchase for the Phalanx Company of a valuable tract of land situated at Rockwood in the upper part of the valley on which the following season we intend to put out asparagus and cantaloupes, both of which are especially adapted to the soil of the valley and which mature about six weeks earlier than in any other section of the United States. This is the only section in this country where dates can be successfully grown. A gentleman interested in this culture has been to Algeria and secured plants of the *degletnoor* date, a large and choice variety grown in the Sahara, and these are now growing in Imperial Valley with every prospect of success.

The possibilities of this valley are very great. It is thought it will be a fine orange section. The same conditions obtain here as at Exeter—freedom from scale, rapid growth, early maturity, abundance of water. The valley is being rapidly settled up by a very enterprising class of people—the present population numbering about 20,000. The farms at the present time are all large, from 160 to 640 acres or more. These in time will be cut up into smaller holdings, and more intensive culture will be given. Then we shall see still more remarkable results in this valley. About 3000 acres of Egyptian cotton is growing in the valley this season, and bids fair to be one of the leading industries, in fact the valley is, in our opinion, destined to be as famous as the ancient valley of the Nile.

Our company has already begun operations on the tract purchased at Rockwood. The land is being gotten ready for early planting in December or January. A packing house will be erected on the place which adjoins the railroad, and it is expected that a large shipping

business will be done at this point. During the past season as many as sixty cars of cantaloupes went out of this valley daily, to the eastern markets. About 3000 acres were planted in cantaloupes last year. The asparagus industry is yet in its infancy, but will become one of the biggest in the valley, since the best and earliest "grass" can be grown here.

Returning we stopped over at Pomona, where under the capable management of our superintendent, Mr. McCollum, things are humming. Preparations are being made for beginning the rhubarb shipments much earlier this season than last, probably about the 1st of November. The rhubarb fields are looking fine, and if the frosts hold off we shall undoubtedly have a large crop. One hundred acres is a large field of rhubarb to harvest.

With the oversight of all these ranches, and a large business correspondence much of which demands personal attention, it will be readily understood that very little time or opportunity is left us for indulgence in philosophic reflections.

It is said that poets are dreamers and impractical. We wish to disprove the proposition by making at least *one* exception to the rule. But we do not intend to become slaves to mere business and bind ourselves on the "wheel of grind" forever. That is not ideal.

When we have in bearing a thousand acres of fruit and vegetables—oranges, peaches, quinces, plums, asparagus, celery, etc, we *intend* to turn over the management of affairs to our "boys" and retire to the top of Mt. Olympus to commune with the gods and send down wireless messages to the people of the valleys. This is *more* like a poet's dream, is it not? ?

The Order of the Phalanx

As a perfume doth remain
In the folds where it hath lain,
So the thought of you, remaining
Deeply folded in my brain,
Will not leave me; all things leave me;
You remain.

Other thoughts may come and go,
Other moments I may know,
That shall waft me, in their going,
As a breath blown to and fro;
Fragrant memories, fragrant memories
Come and go.

Only thoughts of you remain
In my heart where they have lain,
Perfumed thoughts of you, remaining
A hid sweetness, in my brain.
Others leave me; all things leave me;
You remain.

—Arthur Symons.

Why should we kill the best of passions, love?
It aids the hero, bids ambition rise
To nobler heights, inspires immortal deeds,
Ev'n softens brutes, and adds a grace to virtue.
—Thomson.

